A True and Perfect

RELATION

OF THAT

Execrable & Horrid

FACT,

Committed in *White-Lyon-Yard*, in *Nortonfolgate*, near the *Spittle*, by ſome Malicious, Diabolical-ſperited Perſons, for the

POYSONING

The whole Neighbourhood of People dwelling there, by throwing *Rats-bane* into a Cauldron of Beef-Broath which was ſold out to a great number of poor Families and Labouring People, for themſelves and their Children; at the Houſe of Mr. *Emſon*, Victualler; and the ſad Condition they now lye languiſhing in by means of the ſaid *POYSON*.

Publiſhed to prevent falſe Reports.

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A TRUE

RELATION

OF

A Horrid Fact Committed in *White-Lyon-Yard*, near *Nortonfolgate*, &c.

ON *Thurſday* laſt, being the 13th. of this Inſtant *Auguſt*, between 9 and 10 of the Clock in the Forenoon, it happened that in the Houſe of Mr. *Emſon* a Victualler, who liveth in *White-Lyon-Yard* in *Norton-folgate*, near the *Spittle*, a place where many poor Weavers and Throſters did buy Broath for their Breakfaſt, at which time of 9 a Clock in the Morning, there came ſeveral to the houſe to eat their Meſſes of Broath, according to their uſual manner; and many others that had Families did ſend at the ſame time for Broath, both for themſelves and Houſhold; the perſons accordingly eating their Broath, the moſt of them fell immediately Vomitting, others flung themſelves on the ground, ſome on the Beds, others upon Stools and Chairs, horribly crying out and roaring, by reaſon of a moſt ſudden torture and pain in their Bowels and Stomacks, being many of them in a Room together, in the aforeſaid Victuallers Houſe; others, had ſent for it to the Houſes where they were at work who had the ſame operation of it upon them, to the Amazement of all about them: Many that had but newly received the Broath, perceiving the deſperate and deplorable caſe that thoſe were in that had eaten of it, & preſently ſuſpecting that the Broath muſt needs be the occaſion of it, following the good old Proverb, *to beware of others harms*, in great fright flung away Broath, Diſhes and all: The Victuallers Family, *viz.* his Wife and Children are in the ſame Condition, with a number of other poor Ladds that Lodg there with other Weavers there-abouts, and other Families, who all lye languiſhing, and in great hazard of their Lives: A dreadful and ſad ſpectacle it was, to ſee ſome bitterly Crying, others Vomitting, others Groaning, with a high diſtempered Pulſe, and an exceeding great Drought, perpetually crying out for Drink, enough to melt the moſt obdurate heart, eſpecially conſidering ſome of thoſe poor Families have not enough whole to look after the Sick.

Upon the firſt out-cry of this ſad Diſaſter, all the Neighbourhood flockt together to behold this prodigious buſineſs, and to inquire after the cauſe; the man of the Houſe being much Amazed, and as a man Diſtracted with this unexpected Accident, before the Neighbours, ſearches into his boyling Furnace, where he found at the bottom of it, and all upon the Meat (which was a piece of Beef, a conſiderable quantity of yellow ſtuff, that appeared to be powder

undiſſolved; to the view of which, they called a Neighbour, an Apothecary, to give his judgment on it, what he thought it muſt be; he taking a careful view of it, declared that it was yellow *Arſenick* (which we commonly call *Ratsbane.*) Immediately they had recourſe to an able Phyſitian for directions how to preſerve the lives of the poor People and Infants that were thus deſigned to ſlaughter by ſome Accurſed Monſter of Man-kind, whoſe malice was not terminated to the uſual bounds of perſonal Revenge, but (like the Devil) would practice his hatred upon Man-kind, for he could not be ignorant that this Broath was not for one particular Perſon, or Family, but for many; and therefore muſt think to Murder a multitude at once. The Phyſitian preſcribes them to drink Oyle, or take pieces of Butter in great quantity, as the beſt Antidote to mollifie the corroding quality of the Poyſon, and preſcrib'd a Drink for the allaying the Thirſt, and oppoſing the Poyſon.

Great Inquiry hath been made by the Neighbourhood at the Victualling-houſe, what ſuſpicious perſons had been there that Morning, but the Family being all afflicted with the ſame diſaſter, and the man of the houſe much diſtracted to behold ſo ſad event upon his Neighbours and his own Family, was not capable of making an anſwer what perſon or perſons it ſhould be: One while they ſuſpected two ſtrange men that came in to drink a pot of drink and were gon on a ſudden; others are jealous of ſome Women that had been formerly at the houſe; but none can determine; and therefore it is deſired, if any Apothecary, in, or about the City, hath ſold *Arſnick* to any ſuſpicious perſon, of late, that they would give ſome intimation to the ſaid Mr. *Emſon*, or any of his Friends, that ſo diſcovery may be made by farther inquiery into this horrid Act, for the preventing ſuch a miſchief for the future.

The perſons, whoſe Servants it fell heavieſt upon, were one Mr. *Colborn*, an able, honeſt perſon which keeps ſome ſcores of perſons at work, and hath above 16 infected with this Poyſon, who belonged to him.

Another was the Family of Mr. *Murrant*, an honeſt pains-taking man, and by Calling, a Broad-weaver, who hath not one in his whole Family that is not Infected, but himſelf, of which ſad, doleful ſpectacle, the Relater was an eye and ear witneſs.

Many more there be which would be too tedious here to relate; there is alſo a woman with Child, which is in danger to looſe one, or both their lives.

It doth appear that this hath been ſome premeditated deſign, and was not limitted to this particular fact at the Victuallers: A work-man belonging to the aforeſaid Mr. *Colborn* had a potion of this Poyſon conveyed into his Bottle of drink which he uſed to carry with him when he went to work, and had this effect; that for ſeveral days his ſickneſs was ſo great, that he was forced to keep his Bed, which his Wife perceiving, and wondring what might be the cauſe, obſerving his Sickneſs and Drought increaſed, the more he drank out of that Bottle; laſt *Saturday* ſhe broke it, wherein ſhe found at the bottom of it, ſome of the ſame kind of ſtuff that was found at the bottom of the boyling Furnace: But not apprehending any ſuch deſign, paſt it over with ſome wonder what it ſhould be, it looking (as ſhe phraſed it) like the yellow ſtuff that comes out of a Crab-fiſh, or that yellow which Dyers uſe to Dye with.

By all which we may ſee how dangerous a Creature Man is, when left to the leadings of the Devil, who was a Murderer from the beginning.

FINIS